SCHISM

DOGS OF WAR™

DEFIANT

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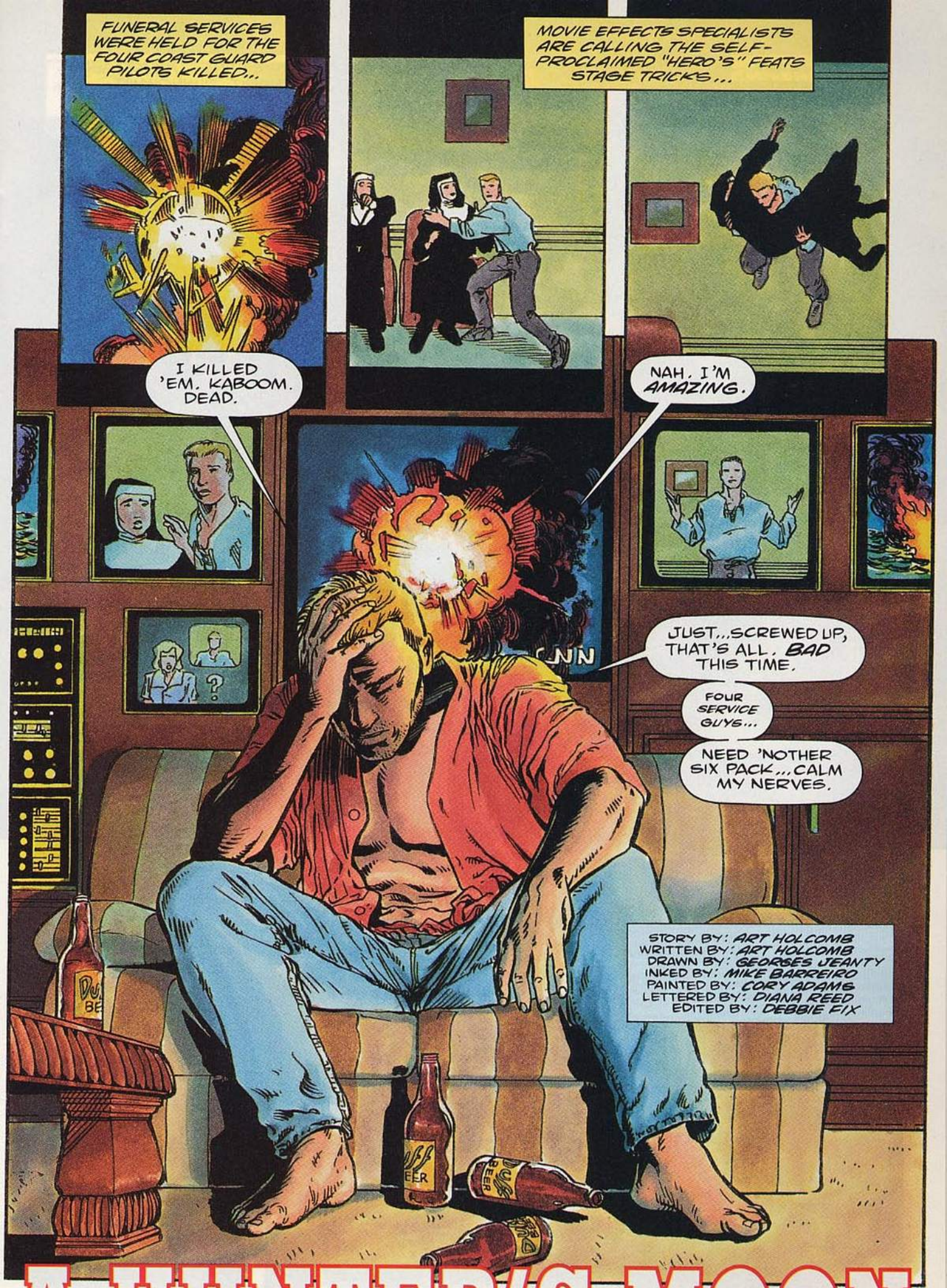
THE DARK RIDE SLOWS FOR A TURN...
CLOSE UP: A SMALL LIFE IN QUEENS.
IT'S JUST UP HERE, OFFICER. THREE B.
...YOU SURE YOU DON'T WANT TO CHARGE HIM THIS TIME?
I KNOW... HE CAN'T HELP IT.
HE SHOULDN'T BE HITTING YOU AT ALL, MA'AM.
IT'S JUST THAT HE WAS SO STRANGE LAST NIGHT... I GOT FRIGHTENED THAT HE MIGHT REALLY HURT US, ME AND SHANNON, OUR SEVEN-YEAR-OLD. I LEFT HER WITH THE SITTER, MARY.
THE LAST TIME I WAS HERE, YOU SAID THAT YOU AND MISTER ROBERTSON HAD SPLIT UP.
WELL... WE WERE TRYING TO MAKE IT WORK.
MARY? I'M BACK?
JUST FOR THE REPORT - YOU'RE STILL AN EXOTIC DANCER AT THE "BLUE ORCHID"? IS THAT CORRECT?
LAST TIME I CHECKED, THAT WASN'T A CRIME, OFFICER.
LOOK... ALL I WANT IS TO HAVE YOU TALK TO ROGER. CALM HIM DOWN. HE SHOULD BE BACK FROM WORK SHORTLY. THEN YOU CAN BE ON YOUR WAY.
I MEANT NO OFFENSE, MA'AM.
I KNOW... I'M SORRY. I'M JUST WORRIED THAT HE MIGHT DO SOMETHING.
WHAT'S THIS??
MY GOD... NO!
WHAT'S WRONG?
TERRY: I'M TAKING SHANNON AWAY FOR A FEW DAYS. THE CITY'S TOO WEIRD RIGHT NOW. DON'T TRY TO FIND ME. I'LL CALL YOU LATER. ROGER

THE OFFICE OF THE MAN CALLED SHOTGUN...
SILHOUETTE PRODUCTIONS
WELCOME BACK, SIR...
WE HAVE THE PHOTOGRAPHS YOU REQUESTED.
ALTHOUGH WE DID MEET WITH SOME... RESISTANCE... FROM YOUR FORMER EMPLOYER.
HOW DID YOU DEAL WITH THIS... RESISTANCE?
BY FOLLOWING YOUR ORDERS, I ENTERED THE TOBACCO COMPANY'S OFFICES TWO NIGHTS AGO AND REMOVED THEM FROM THE CORPORATE FILES.
EXCELLENT... SHOW ME.
BOTH WERE TAKEN BY MOTION-SENSITIVE SECURITY CAMERAS...
...FOR SOMEONE WHO CAN MAKE HIMSELF INVISIBLE...
...HE CERTAINLY ISN'T CAMERA SHY!
WONDER HOW HE DOES IT?
WHAT WOULD YOU LIKE DONE NEXT?
WE FIND A WAY TO MAKE THIS GUY HURT...
HIS HAPPY-GO-LUCKY DAYS ARE OVER!
DISMISSED!


FUNERAL SERVICES WERE HELD FOR THE FOUR COAST GUARD PILOTS KILLED...
MOVIE EFFECTS SPECIALISTS ARE CALLING THE SELF-PROCLAIMED "HERO'S" FEATS STAGE TRICKS...
I KILLED 'EM. KABOOM. DEAD.
NAH. I'M AMAZING.
JUST...SCREWED UP, THAT'S ALL. BAD THIS TIME.
FOUR SERVICE GUYS...
NEED 'NOTHER SIX PACK...CALM MY NERVES.
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A HUNTER'S MOON

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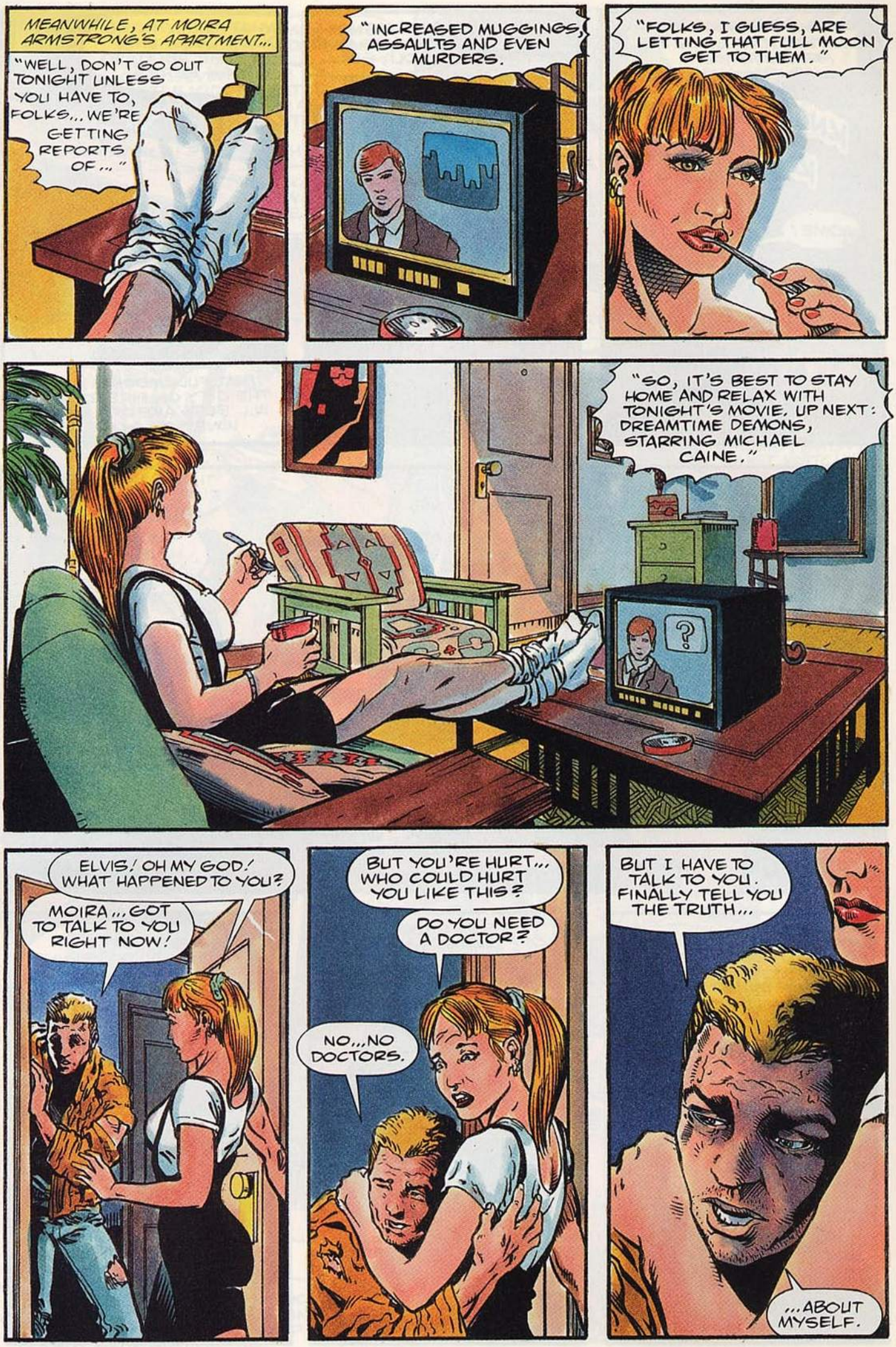
LATER...
SOMETHING... WEIRD ABOUT TONIGHT. DUNNOWHAT... SOMETHIN' GIVING ME THE CREEPS. COULDN'T BE THE TWO SIX-PACKS I DRANK.
NAH.
SICK, BUT STILL NOT DRUNK ENOUGH.
CRASH
NO... PLEASE NOT NOW... NOT TODAY.
THIS IS BETTER THAN CHRISTMAS!
SALE
YEAH. WE DON'T HAVE TO GIVE NUTHIN' IN RETURN!
'EVENING, BOYS...
JUST COULDN'T WAIT FOR THE STORE... TO OPEN IN THE MORNING?

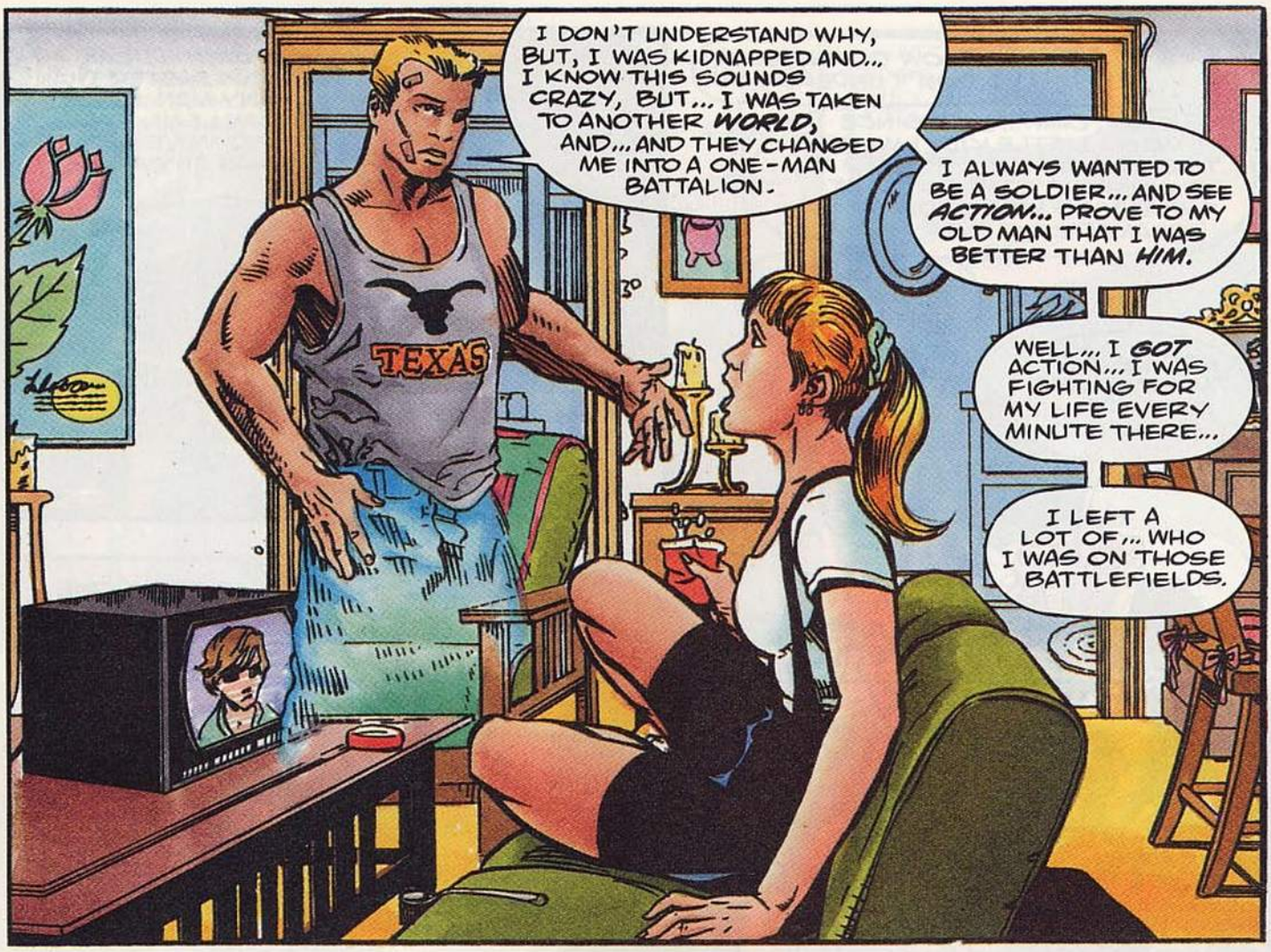
YOU SAID IT, LITTLE MAN. YOU SURE SAID IT.
LOOKS LIKE WE GET A TWOFER... FREE TVS AND THE CHANCE TO BEAT THE JUICE OUT OF SOME DRUNK CITIZEN.
LET'S GO THEN... I CLEAN UP BIGGER MESSES THAN YOU WITH PAPER TOWELS EVERYDAY.
OH, WE GOT A REAL CLEVER ONE HERE, TATTS.
WHY YOU JUST STANDING THERE, PUNK? WHY DON'T YOU FIGHT ME?
HE A DRUNK, MAN... BUT I DON'T MIND JUST TAKING SOME FOR MYSELF!
MAN, WE SHOULDN'T BE POUNDING THIS GUY OUT HERE...
TAKE HIM IN THE ALLEY, WHERE WE CAN DO IT RIGHT!!

LATER, AT ROGER ROBERTSON'S APARTMENT IN QUEENS.
SIR, GO BACK INTO YOUR APARTMENT. STAND CLEAR OF THE DOOR.
BUT WHAT'S HAPPENING?
I'M IN LOW, YOU'RE IN HIGH. ON THREE.
POLICE!! OPEN THE DOOR!!
THREE!
I'M IN HERE, YOU GET THE BEDROOMS.
RIGHT...
STARSK! IN HERE!
WHAD'YA GOT?!
"MOIRA AND ME - 1991"
USA Ordinance Code 14B4329—Grenade DO NOT REMOVE
HOLSTER FOR A FORTY-FIVE AUTOMATIC. EMPTY...
...AND A SERIAL NUMBER TAG FROM A HAND GRENADE!


MEANWHILE, AT MOIRA ARMSTRONG'S APARTMENT...
"WELL, DON'T GO OUT TONIGHT UNLESS YOU HAVE TO, FOLKS... WE'RE GETTING REPORTS OF..."
"INCREASED MUGGINGS, ASSAULTS AND EVEN MURDERS.
"FOLKS, I GUESS, ARE LETTING THAT FULL MOON GET TO THEM."
"SO, IT'S BEST TO STAY HOME AND RELAX WITH TONIGHT'S MOVIE, UP NEXT: DREAMTIME DEMONS, STARRING MICHAEL CAINE."
ELVIS! OH MY GOD! WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU?
MOIRA... GOT TO TALK TO YOU RIGHT NOW!
BUT YOU'RE HURT... WHO COULD HURT YOU LIKE THIS?
DO YOU NEED A DOCTOR?
NO... NO DOCTORS.
BUT I HAVE TO TALK TO YOU. FINALLY TELL YOU THE TRUTH...
...ABOUT MYSELF.

LATER, AT SILHOUETTE PROTECTION...
KNOCK KNOCK
COME!
I HAVE THOSE RESULTS FOR YOU, SIR.
COME AND LOOK AT THIS, PIERCE.
WHAT THE... THOSE DOGS LOOK LIKE THEY'RE ABOUT TO ATTACK HER!?
THAT FULL MOON'S LIT THE CITY ON FIRE TONIGHT. ALL BETS ARE OFF! WHAT HAVE YOU GOT?
NOT MUCH, SIR... HE IS ELVIS PRESLEY MAZEROV, THIRTY-TWO, OUT OF BAYONNE, NEW JERSEY. ONE BROTHER, DECEASED, MOTHER DIVORCED, PRIMARILY A RESERVIST LONGING TO BE A SOLDIER.
HE WAS MISSING FOR A WHILE LAST YEAR, BUT HE'S BACK AND LIVING WELL ALTHOUGH HE HAS NO JOB.
THAT'S NOT MUCH, PIERCE... NOT MUCH AT ALL!
DO YOU HAVE AN ADDRESS?
YES, SIR. TOP PAGE OF THE REPORT.
SIR... WHAT DO YOU HAVE PLANNED FOR THIS MAN?
THIS GUY CAUGHT ME OFF-GUARD, ALMOST KILLED ME. I CAN'T LET THAT GO UNANSWERED. IT'S VERY BAD FOR BUSINESS.
SIMPLY PUT, WHAT I PLAN TO DO IS HUNT THIS MAN DOWN AND KILL HIM AS AN EXAMPLE.

SLOW DOWN, ELVIS, I DON'T UNDERSTAND.
OKAY, OKAY... EVER SINCE I WAS A LITTLE KID, I WANTED TO BE A SOLDIER. I PLAYED AT IT WITH THE OTHER KIDS AT THE BASES WE LIVED AT. DREAMED OF IT EVERY NIGHT...
IT'S OKAY, ELVIS. WE ALL HAD DREAMS...
LET ME GET THIS OUT ALL AT ONCE... PLEASE!
TEXAS
I NEVER REALLY TOLD ANYBODY ABOUT THIS BEFORE... SOMETHING HAPPENED TO ME A WHILE AGO THAT MADE ME INTO THE PERFECT SOLDIER.
HONEY... I CAN RUN FASTER THAN ANY MAN ALIVE, I CAN LEAP, FALL AND MOVE BETTER THAN ANY ATHLETE...
ELVIS... C'MON... I KNEW YOU WERE DIFFERENT, BUT...
THERE'S ONE MORE THING... NOW, DON'T BE AFRAID, BABY, JUST WATCH!
I CAN ALSO TURN INVISIBLE.
WELL, WHAT DO YOU THINK?

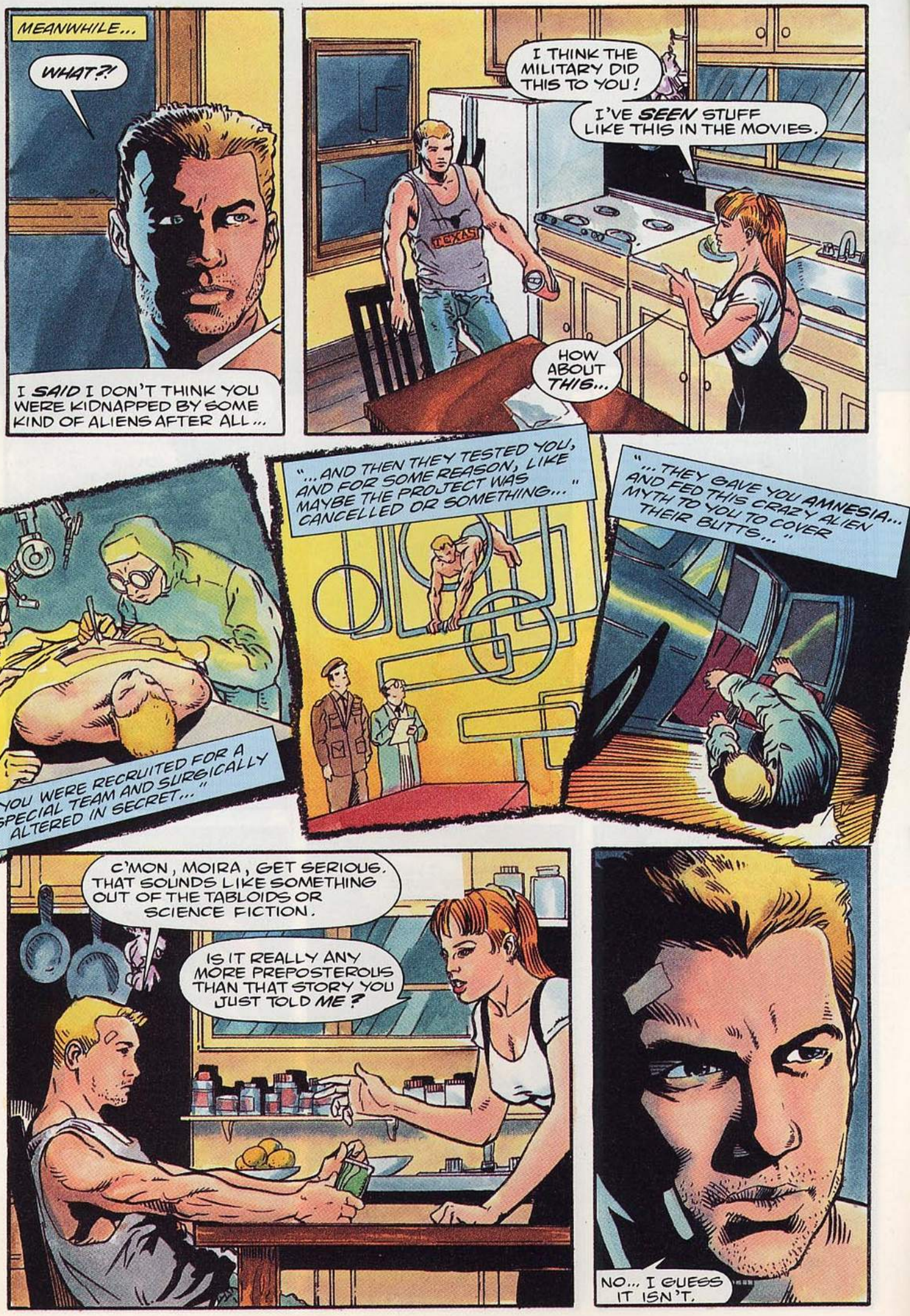

I DON'T UNDERSTAND WHY, BUT, I WAS KIDNAPPED AND... I KNOW THIS SOUNDS CRAZY, BUT... I WAS TAKEN TO ANOTHER WORLD, AND... AND THEY CHANGED ME INTO A ONE-MAN BATTALION.
I ALWAYS WANTED TO BE A SOLDIER... AND SEE ACTION... PROVE TO MY OLD MAN THAT I WAS BETTER THAN HIM.
TEXAS
WELL... I GOT ACTION... I WAS FIGHTING FOR MY LIFE EVERY MINUTE THERE...
I LEFT A LOT OF... WHO I WAS ON THOSE BATTLEFIELDS.

ABOUT AN HOUR LATER...
I KNOW IT'S A LOT BUT... DO YOU BELIEVE ME?
IT'S ALL SO FANTASTIC THAT I DO BELIEVE IT!
THAT'S NOT THE WORST OF IT. I SO WANTED TO USE WHAT I CAN DO... BUT IT'S ALL GONE SO WRONG.

MOIRA... I'M RESPONSIBLE FOR THAT EMBASSY EXPLOSION A COUPLE OF MONTHS AGO... AND THE TANKER BLAST OUT IN CALIFORNIA. MORE THAN TWO HUNDRED PEOPLE KILLED BECAUSE OF ME!

TONIGHT, I DECIDED I'M NOT THAT HERO OF MY DREAMS. EVERYTHING I TOUCH TURNS TO CRAP.
I'M THINKING OF TURNING MYSELF IN TO THE FBI...

THAT NIGHT, AT NOT THE BEST MOTEL IN NEWARK, NEW JERSEY...
BAITS MOTEL
THAT'S IT, BABY... ALMOST THERE...
DADDY, WHERE ARE WE?
GO BACK TO SLEEP, SHANNON. BECAUSE TOMORROW, WE'RE GOING ON A LONG AND EXCITING TRIP.
IS MOMMY COMING?
YES, BABY, IT WILL ALL BE OVER SOON. I'M GOING TO CALL MOMMY...
... AND THEN WE'LL ALL BE TOGETHER IN A BEAUTIFUL AND BETTER PLACE.
NOW GO BACK TO SLEEP.
...IT'LL ALL BE OVER SOON.


MEANWHILE...
WHAT?!
I SAID I DON'T THINK YOU WERE KIDNAPPED BY SOME KIND OF ALIENS AFTER ALL...
I THINK THE MILITARY DID THIS TO YOU!
I'VE SEEN STUFF LIKE THIS IN THE MOVIES.
TEXAS
HOW ABOUT THIS...
"YOU WERE RECRUITED FOR A SPECIAL TEAM AND SURGICALLY ALTERED IN SECRET..."
"...AND THEN THEY TESTED YOU, AND FOR SOME REASON, LIKE MAYBE THE PROJECT WAS CANCELLED OR SOMETHING..."
"...THEY GAVE YOU AMNESIA... AND FED THIS CRAZY ALIEN MYTH TO YOU TO COVER THEIR BUTTS..."
C'MON, MOIRA, GET SERIOUS. THAT SOUNDS LIKE SOMETHING OUT OF THE TABLOIDS OR SCIENCE FICTION.
IS IT REALLY ANY MORE PREPOSTEROUS THAN THAT STORY YOU JUST TOLD ME?
NO... I GUESS IT ISN'T.

AT SHOTGUN'S PLACE.
SIR, WE HAVE SOME MORE INFO ON MAZEROV.
HE HAS A GIRL-FRIEND IN THE CITY. OUR TEAM REPORTS THAT HE'S THERE NOW. SHALL I BRING THE CAR?
NO, I SAW WHAT THIS GUY CAN DO CLOSE UP. I WANT TO TAKE HIM WHERE NO ONE ELSE COULD GET HURT.
EXCUSE ME, SIR... BUT WOULDN'T IT BE BETTER IF YOU COULD RECRUIT THIS GUY, ESPECIALLY IF HE IS AS GOOD AS YOU BELIEVE?
NO... I KNOW HIM. HE'S A LONER, ARROGANT, BUT HONORABLE IN A WAY...
HE ATTACKED THE TOBACCO EXECUTIVE ON SOMEONE'S BEHALF. HE CAN BE VERY MOTIVATED.
I THINK I'LL HAVE TO KILL HIM... JUST TO GET HIS ATTENTION.
HAVE THE CAR BROUGHT IN AN HOUR. I'LL BE READY BY THEN.

BAITS MOTEL
3:31 AM...
TERESA, JUST SHUT UP AND LISTEN. IF YOU EVER WANT TO SEE SHANNON AGAIN, YOU'LL DO EXACTLY WHAT I SAY!
I HAVE TO ACCEPT THE POSSIBILITY THAT I MAY NOT BE BACK. I'VE NAMED YOU TO SUCCEED ME, RUN THINGS AS I HAVE DONE.
YOU'RE THE TOUGHEST MAN I'VE EVER KNOWN, INSIDE OR OUT OF DELTA FORTY-ONE. HOW CAN YOU SAY THAT?
HE MIGHT JUST KILL ME. I'VE NEVER MET A MAN LIKE THIS BEFORE.
JUST REMEMBER-- I BUILT THIS BUSINESS ON HAVING A GOOD REPUTATION AND REMEMBERING THAT LIFE IS SHORT.
RUN IT THE SAME WAY.

WHATEVER HAPPENED TO ME, I GOTTA GO TO THE COPS. TELL THEM WHAT HAPPENED.
I'LL GO WITH YOU... NO ARGUMENTS.
THAT WOULD BE GREAT.
MOIRA!! MOIRA!! PLEASE OPEN UP!
TERESA!?
ROGER CALLED... HE HAS SHANNON IN A MOTEL IN JERSEY. THE COPS FOUND... EXPLOSIVES IN HIS APARTMENT...
HE WANTS ME TO COME TO HIM THERE, ALONE. I THINK HE'S GOING TO TRY TO KILL US ALL.
WHAT SHOULD I DO?
I'LL GO. WHERE IS THIS PLACE?

4:46 A.M....
THIS IS THE MANAGER... OPEN UP!
GO AWAY! JUST LEAVE ME ALONE!!
I'VE GOT YOUR WIFE OUT HERE, ROBERTSON.
WHAT THE...??
ROGER... MY NAME IS SHOOTER. LET'S TALK.
HOW'D YOU GET IN HERE?? GET OUT!!!! GET OUT OF HERE!!
SLOW DOWN... I KNOW YOU'RE FRIGHTENED. I'M A LITTLE FRIGHTENED, TOO.
WHY ARE YOU DOING THIS?

IT'S MADNESS OUT THERE. NO PLACE IS SAFE ANYMORE, AND I LOVE MY DAUGHTER SO MUCH!
THE VOICES... THE VOICES SAY THAT THE NEXT WORLD IS BETTER, SO BEAUTIFUL.
LISTEN, JUST GIVE ME THE GRENADE AND WE CAN WORK EVERY-THING OUT...
BUT YOU NEED TO GIVE IT TO ME NOW!
NO! IF I LET GO OF IT, THE GRENADE GOES OFF!
I'M READY TO DIE... ARE YOU?
YOU STOP BEING SO MEAN TO MY DADDY!
LOOK, PAL... YOU DO WHAT YOU WANT, BUT I'M TAKING YOUR DAUGHTER OUT OF HERE NOW.
SHE DOESN'T NEED TO DIE!
NO!!!

GET BACK!!

SHORTLY...
ARE YOU OK, SHANNON?
I UNDERSTAND YOU SAVED THE LITTLE GIRL...

WHY DID YOU GO IN ALONE?

I WASN'T SURE OF THE ANSWER TO THAT UNTIL NOW...
I DID IT BECAUSE THAT'S WHAT I DO!

THEY'LL HAVE SOME MORE QUESTIONS DOWNTOWN...
WHERE DID HE GO?

THANKS FOR THE CHAT, BABY. IT MADE ALL THE DIFFERENCE.
I'LL CALL YA.

ELSEWHERE...
BETTER COUGH IT UP, OLD MAN. THIS CAN'T BE ALL YOU GOT!

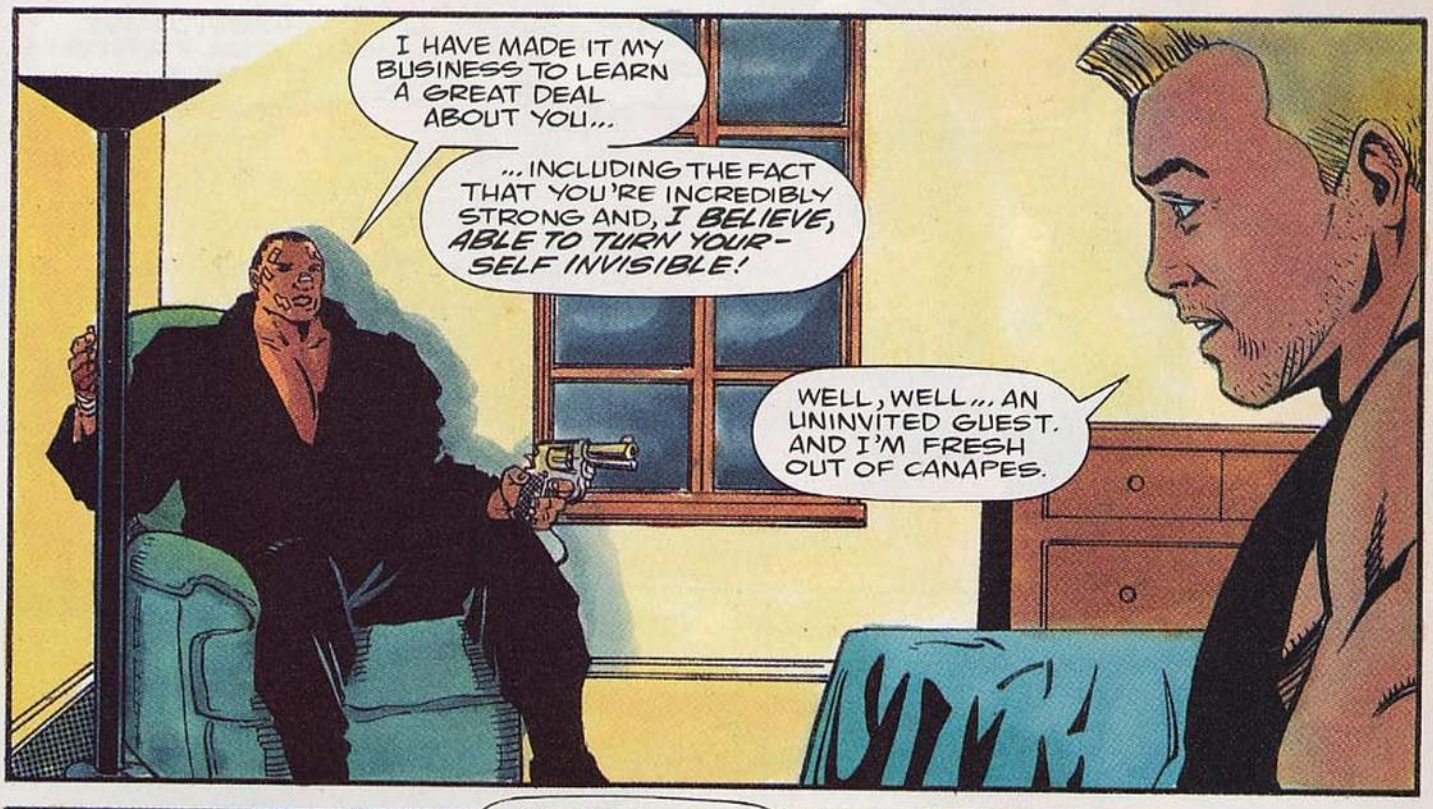
HIYA, BOYS... I'M BACK!!!
MISS ME?

What a Marvelous Night For a Moondance.

SHOOTER'S APARTMENT BUILDING.
CRAZY NIGHT, HUH, JOHNNY? I'M GLAD TO BE HOME.
'NIGHT, MISTER MAZEROV.

I THINK THAT TATTOOED GUY GOT BLOOD ON MY HAIR.

I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU, ELVIS.


I HAVE MADE IT MY BUSINESS TO LEARN A GREAT DEAL ABOUT YOU...
...INCLUDING THE FACT THAT YOU'RE INCREDIBLY STRONG AND, I BELIEVE, ABLE TO TURN YOURSELF INVISIBLE!
WELL, WELL... AN UNINVITED GUEST. AND I'M FRESH OUT OF CANAPES.

I'M REAL TIRED, CHUNKY. SO WHAT DO YOU WANT?
DIDN'T THE BEATING I GAVE YOU LAST TIME STICK?

I CAN RESPECT YOU AS AN ADVERSARY, MISTER MAZEROV, BUT I CANNOT LET THE BEATING GO UNANSWERED.

IT IS MY PLAN TO BEAT YOU TO DEATH RIGHT IN YOUR APARTMENT.

MAKES SENSE... I JUST HAD THESE CARPETS CLEANED!

ARE YOU READY TO DIE, ELVIS?
YOU'RE NOT GOING TO BELIEVE THIS, BUT EARLIER TODAY...
...THIS WOULD HAVE BEEN A REAL PROBLEM FOR ME...
...BUT RIGHT NOW...
IT'S JUST WHAT THE DOCTOR ORDERED!
NEXT MONTH: SMOLDER AND SMOKE!